Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. III. JANUARY, 1899. No. 1.

A Psalm for New Year's Eve.

DINAH M. CRAIK.

A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three score;
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by:
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half gasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers twine.
Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed: let the Old Year go.

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard:
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; who saith
"Make straight paths to your feet," and to the opprest,
"Come ye to me and I will give you rest."

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And, whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold our patient hands each in his place,
And trust thee to the end.
Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

"Topics of the Year."

The Outlook.	January.
Alaska.	February.
Negroes.	March.
Foreign Missions in America.	April.
Ways of Giving.	May.
Anniversary Notes.	June.
Indians.	July.
Our Literature.	August and September.
Mexico.	October.
Mormons.	November.
Chinese.	December.

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HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

Send all subscriptions, with money for the same, to "Home Mission Echoes," 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Make checks and money orders payable to Miss Gertrude L. Davis, Treasurer. All other correspondence pertaining to the paper will be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. III. JANUARY, 1899. No. 1.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

FROM Salt Lake City, so beautiful for situation but so full of open violation of the laws of God, we send a New Year's greeting to the readers of ECHOES. The week in Utah has been a busy one, and more than ever do we long to arouse the Christian Church to active opposition *against this plague spot* of our nation. Many words of commendation have been sent to us concerning the November issue of our paper. Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D., Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Utah, called upon the writer last week and spoke in highest terms of this number upon Mormonism. He has borrowed from it for his work. The editor of the *Kinsman*, an anti-Mormon paper published in this city, also speaks in praise of our Mormon number, and has *borrowed some of the cuts* for his own use. We have also received the following letters:

MRS. M. C. REYNOLDS.

Dear Madam: I am more than delighted with your November number. I think it is a remarkable one for the character of its matter, and the earnestness of its presentation of the Mormon question. I enclose one dollar, for which send as many copies as you can afford.

SHELDON JACKSON.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 9, 1898.

MRS. M. C. REYNOLDS.

Dear Madam: I have just been looking over the November number of HOME MISSION ECHOES, and must thank you for the care and vigor with which you have treated Mormonism in that number. All evangelical Christians must be united in this matter.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN EATON,
Ex-Commissioner of Education.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1898.

Rev. J. C. Andrews and wife, of Provo, also agree that this issue of the paper will be helpful in *arousing interest in their work.* One from the East can hardly understand the feeling which now exists in this city. The question is now before the nation, the decision of which will help or hinder righteousness and purity in this whole section: "Shall Brigham H. Roberts, an open polygamist, be seated in Congress?" Mr. Roberts has been an active saint. In 1880 he was arrested under the Edmunds law and indicted, but evaded punishment. He was sent to England on a mission, and remained there several years. On his return he was *rearrested, pleaded guilty*, and served six months in the Territorial prison.

Roberts agreed to abide by the manifesto of 1890, declaring polygamy unlawful; but in the same year he married the wife with whom he makes his Salt Lake home. Other wives live in other parts of the State. Mr. Roberts is charged with saying openly that *he will make good* Brigham Young's prophecy in 1870: "The saints will yet crowd the practice of polygamy down the throats of the American Congress." We are face to face with the humiliating prospect of an acknowledged lawbreaker taking his seat among the lawmakers of the nation.

In a sermon preached in this city yesterday by Rev. George Bailey, he said: "It is the duty of every Christian man and woman at this juncture to write to influential friends in all parts of the Union, and use every means to create such a public sentiment that Congress would not dare to outrage our Christian sensibilities by seating Brigham H. Roberts."

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 5, 1898. M. C. R.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 20th, the Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church held an open meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Presbyterian Building, 150 Fifth Avenue. The object of the meeting was to inaugurate an aggressive campaign to arouse public sentiment throughout the country to prevent the seating of Mr. B. H. Roberts, an avowed polygamist, as the representative from Utah to the Fifty-sixth Congress. The idea of the Woman's Board in starting this movement is to array all women's organizations of the country against the seating of Mr. Roberts.

It is claimed that "there is very general lukewarmness among the members of Congress on the question of seating Mr. Roberts," and, if it is to be prevented, the Christian women of the land will have to work hard to create a public sentiment in the voting centres." Any movement which will help in arousing such a sentiment against the admission of Mr. Roberts we most heartily endorse, and in witness thereto the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society has prepared and sent to its auxiliary organizations throughout New England a protest to the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., urging the rejection of the Congressman-elect for Utah. We ask for the signatures of the women in our churches and circles, and also that you will bring this matter by personal letter to each Representative-elect in your own district. Let us place ourselves on record as saying: "We want no Mormons in our Congress."

The Outlook from Maine to Alaska.

French-Canadians in Augusta, Me.

I HAVE succeeded in placing many tracts and twenty-six New Testaments in French-Canadian families. Where I have been allowed to enter the homes, I have called on them two, three, and five times, but there are many places where they would not let me go in or would not listen to me. Still I feel a little more encouraged now than I did at first, and trust that I may be a little more successful in Skowhegan. I have been obliged to give all the Testaments away but one. They will not buy them because they believe that they have the same thing in their prayer-book and catechism. I go to Skowhegan for the next two months.

ROSE ANNA HARTSOCK.

ROSE ANNA HARTSOCK.

Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C.

The year opens with an increase of twenty students over the number of last year at this time. We have one hundred and forty students, fifty-two of whom are new ones.

We have thirty-one preparing for the ministry, and three or four are looking forward to missionary work. If aims and purposes are carried out, some of the professions will in time be represented by a number of ambitious young men, who are here now, both in advanced and medium classes, who have determined not to stop until they have finished college, and are thoroughly prepared for their life-work, whatever it may be.

Many of the graduates of the school are now successfully engaged in teaching, and others are striving to prepare themselves for that work.

Two of the teachers of last year have left us, while two new ones are added to our number, one of whom was formerly a student here and has since been carrying on his studies elsewhere, graduating from Bucknell University in June of 1898.

We trust that this year may prove very helpful, not only mentally but spiritually.

CORA L. ROOT.

Hartshorn Memorial, Richmond, Va.

We have an unusual number of quite young girls in our new class.

Of the seniors who, under the ordinary requirements, would have graduated last year, but did not on account of the extension of the school course, all have come back but two.

One is teaching a school of fifty-six pupils, many of them older than herself. The other one, whose father is registrar of deeds in a town in North Carolina, has been waiting until after the State elections to see whether he would be allowed to retain his position. She now writes that she hopes to join us in a few days.

Ground was broken last week for the new University buildings. The students of the Theological Seminary and Hartshorn College were there in a body, and after the program had been carried out the teachers were invited to have a hand in digging the first shovelfuls of earth. The chosen site is on a pretty hill back of us.

The various departments of the school, the mission, and Sunday school work are mostly in operation, and we ask your prayers and sympathy for success.

FINETTE JEWETT.

Winton, N. C.

We are getting on very well at this time, considering the crisis through which the State has just gone. We have passed through the most bitter and perilous political campaign ever witnessed in this State. The race feeling and prejudice were so intense that we have been on the verge of a race war for several weeks, and, despite all that could be done, it seemed impossible to avert it. Both white and colored were armed and ready for action. The election passed without bloodshed in our section, but in Wilmington the whites have disgraced themselves by cowardly shooting ten helpless colored men. The papers are doing our people gross injustice by putting the blame on us for the confusion. The weak must suffer, it seems. We expected a general uprising throughout the "black belt" of the State. For several nights we had armed men to guard our premises, expecting every moment an attack. The situation is quiet now. The danger point is passed; but the colored man in this State will suffer serious abridgment of rights in the future. We must labor, suffer, and pray, and let Providence overrule for His name's glory. My life was threatened, which frightened Mrs. Brown and Miss Person very much; but the people rose *en masse*, and demanded a halt. We are out of danger now. We have a nice, full school. Pray for us.

C. S. BROWN,
Principal.

Beaufort, S. C.

If the dear friends in the North could take a peep at our dear girls to-night, as they sit with earnest, studious faces about their table preparing lessons for the morrow, they would think the work being done for them a good one.

Besides the day school we have thirteen girls in the home to be cared for and taught. Five are our former Allendale pupils. I asked one of these to-night how she liked to be here, and she said: "I cannot tell you how I like it, I *love* it."

The attendance has been very irregular, owing to the great prevalence of chills and fever.

This is caused by standing water and the decaying of ungathered crops which are under the water.

Many will lose more or less of the crop they are depending upon for the winter supply.

We hear of those on other islands who are suffering even now for food. They have nothing ahead, and when crops fail starvation faces them. A good education will place the children above the possibility of these things, in a measure.

Pray for us. Prayers and sympathy strengthen the teachers for their work.

L. R. KINSMAN.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

We have a larger enrolment than at this time last year. Pupils came in more promptly at the opening of school and seemed to better appreciate the importance of being present the first day. We have recorded two hundred and thirty-four boarders and about the same number of day pupils. Twenty of the boarders are not professing Christians, but six have already found Christ. One, a member of our teachers' professional course, became a Christian yesterday. She said: "I did not know it was so easy to get religion." She came to us from another school. We are very happy over her conversion, as we feel that it is not right to send out teachers who are not Christians.

LEAH PERRON.

Reports of work done by the girls during the summer are cheering. Some of them have been in very wicked communities. One told me this morning of the gambling, drinking, and immorality that were practised in the place where she taught. She called the young people together, and gave talks on temperance and social purity, and there was a great reformation before she left. Many signed the pledge.

Spelman girls are coming to the front, not only in Georgia, but in other States, and are called for in many places because of the religious work they do in the communities where they teach.

The year thus far has been prosperous and the outlook is promising.

Two or three serious operations have already been performed in our ward this fall, and some of our nurses have been employed in cases outside the school. We feel more and more the necessity of a new hospital.

HARRIET E. GILES.

State University, Louisville, Ky.

Our membership is now one hundred and forty-five.

My class-room seats about twenty comfortably, there being ten seats with desks, besides three front seats without desks. One class, which I have twice each day, numbers thirty-nine in actual attendance, and they must be packed in, and the ventilation is very poor, there being only one window.

The Coöperation Plan, which has been so successful in some of the Southern States, is new in Kentucky, but there seems much interest in the New Era Institutes which are being carried on.

One was held in the city last week, and an afternoon and evening session were held in our University chapel. Mr. Terrell, one of our students, was examined here at the University by a council from the several colored Baptist churches, and, having successfully passed the examination, was ordained at the Fifth Street Baptist Church last evening. He has been called to take charge of a church at Mitchell, Ind.

He came to us at Selma, Ala., a poor, ignorant boy, worked as janitor or at anything he could get to do. Many times we fitted him out with more comfortable clothing from the barrels received from Northern friends. Four years ago he followed Doctor Purce here, and graduated from our theological department last May.

Doctor Purce truly said, when presenting him for examination, that he stood without blot or reproof of any kind in the eyes of schoolmates and teachers.

May the Lord use him and enable him to do much good.

ELIZABETH SEELEY.

Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn.

The work is new to me. I had never even visited a Southern school before I came here, but I like the work *very*, *very* much.

We have four colored teachers besides the matron. There are at present one hundred and forty-six students. Many of them are here for the first time.

We are trying a new plan in getting the girls interested in reading good books as well as religious papers, and we have transferred some of the Pansy books and some temperance stories from the general library to the reading-room. Some of them who seemed to have no taste for reading are taking more interest than they did at first, and some seem to enjoy it.

One Sabbath I went to one of the worst localities in the city. It is called by some, "Black Bottom," and by others, "Hell's Half Acre." I guess the name suited the place, for I think I taught that day the worst set of young men I ever saw. The Sunday school here in the afternoon is quite interesting. We teach one lesson ahead, and try to send the boys out as teachers in the city schools. I have a bright class of young men, and am praying that they may be awakened and called into more active service.

We understand that the man who will probably come as

president is from Boston. We are praying that he may be sent of God to this work. MAY HUSTON.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

School opened in October. We now have twenty-nine boys and thirty-nine girls. A large number of students have not finished their summer's work, and therefore will not be in school until later. We have now, including our president, five teachers.

The addition to the college, in the form of two new stories added to the present building, is not yet finished. We hope to finish the third story as early as possible, but we cannot hope to complete the fourth story so soon, for we do not, now, see how we can get money enough to do so.

On the first floor in our building we have kitchen, dining-room, laundry, and bedroom for the matron of the kitchen. On the second floor we have the chapel, office, and two recitation rooms. On the third we intend to have dormitories and two class-rooms, and on the fourth dormitories. After the third story is finished, we would like to have our friends, both Northern and Southern, to help us furnish them by sending towels, pillow-cases, sheets, blankets, etc. Besides these, we would be glad to receive dishes for our dining-room. We have already a beautiful new cooking range that was given us by the Central Baptist Committee of Women of the State Convention (white); and we expect to name the kitchen in honor of them.

LILLIE L. GIBBS.

Alaska.

Dear Fellow Workers:

We who are striving to win souls for our Master amid the destitution of Alaska sincerely appreciate your good-will, thoughtfulness, and assistance of the past.

Without your aid the original Baptist work in Alaska, and the only evangelical work for the one thousand miles and more between Yakutat and Unalaska, would have been forced out of the field. Your prayer and financial assistance have sustained it more than five years. Its success has justified its establishment and maintenance.

We now have twenty-six children under our control,—children who would otherwise have received no moral or religious training.

We have not reached the point where we wish to deprive you of your part and interest in this glorious work. The work is yours. We are your partners. It is ours to wage the warfare, 'tis yours to furnish the munitions of war. We need you more than ever before. The fact that we need improvements is proof that we are alive.

We ask and expect greater things of you, and we will faithfully strive to perform our part towards doing greater service for our Lord.

May God bring a greater blessing to you because of your desire to have a part in sending His light into benighted Alaska.

Sincerely yours,

CURTIS P. COE.

CHRIST has redeemed you and lifted you up, that you, in turn, may lift up others.

Treasurer's Outlook.

THIS is not as bright as we might wish, but we trust that a statement of the condition of our finances will be the means of brightening the outlook. You have read of the good work that is being done in our schools, and I am sure feel glad that you have a part in it, but remember that the accomplishment of what we anticipate in these schools largely depends upon the generosity of the women in our churches. The treasurer has received from the circles and churches, since April 1, 1898, $1,144 less than during the corresponding months of one year ago. The amounts from other sources have not been as large, and we have been unable to furnish the salaries of our teachers for November services, and by the time this article reaches you the December salaries will be overdue. Other bills are still unpaid. In assuming the salaries of our teachers and missionaries, we feel that a trust has been accepted, and the responsibility rests upon us for its fulfilment. Jean Ingelow says, "I am glad to think I am not bound to make the earth go right, but only to discover and do with cheerful heart the work that God appoints to me." Under His guidance are the women in our churches doing all that He would have them do, and giving as He has prospered them? The work is yours; will you not give to the Society the means necessary to meet the obligations we have assumed?

G. L. D.

Teaching Chinese by Machine.

THE Chinese language is about to be taught by machine. A successful start has been made, and between the teacher and the taught intervenes the full width of the North American Continent. The teacher is in San Francisco, the pupils are in Philadelphia. The Chinese words and the explanations necessary are spoken into the graphophone by the Rev. John E. Gardner, formerly a missionary, but for some years interpreter of Chinese at the custom-house in San Francisco. The leader of the class in Philadelphia is the Rev. Mr. Poole, who is concerned in missionary work there.

Doctor Gardner is teaching the Cantonese dialect, which is the commercial dialect of China. It is spoken by 20,000,000 Chinese in the great province of Canton. It is the dialect employed by the Chinese commercial colonies of the world, in the Philippines, at Shanghai, at Tientsin, in the West Indies, in Central and South America, in the Hawaiian Islands; in short, it is the commercial Chinese language of the world. The regents of the University of California employed Doctor Gardner several months ago, foreseeing that the commercial relations of the United States with China are certain to be more extensive in the future than they have been in the past, to teach a class of university students. Recently the work has been extended, and a university extension course has been added, the new class meeting in the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, which is connected with the university. Some knowledge of this, together with the general appreciation of the increasing value of China commercially to this country, may have led up to the graphophonic class which Doctor Poole has established in Philadelphia.—*New York Sun.*

Glimpses of Mission Fields.

No. 2.

WE left the Wichita Baptist Mission, Wednesday, Nov. 9th, and drove over to Chickasha on the C. R. I. and P. R. R., a distance of twenty-three miles. Mrs. Barber, the efficient assistant matron, a member of the First Church, Hartford, Conn., accompanied us. It was a bitter cold day, and all the wraps we had were used during that drive. We were compelled to pass the night at Fort Worth, Tex., and on Thursday, Nov. 10th, at four P. M., we arrived at Atoka, where Doctor Murrow and our teachers, Miss Horney and Miss Willis, met us at the station with a genuine Southern welcome.

Atoka.

We were entertained in the delightful home of Doctor and Mrs. Murrow. A Sunday School Institute, conducted by Mr. Charles Rhoades, of the Publication Society, was in session, and continued over the Sabbath. Because of this our school was somewhat broken up, as the pupils wished to attend. We visited the various classrooms Friday, however, and were much pleased with the work. The industrial classes were visited Saturday morning. Too much cannot be said in favor of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Rishel and their associate teachers. Doctor and Mrs. Murrow are universally beloved, and their presence in the church is of great service. This school is a beehive indeed. The girls cook, mend, sew, wash, iron, and care for the sick. Any pupil who goes out from Mrs. Rishel's loving motherly care will know how to be a homemaker. Under Mr. Rishel's thrifty management the farm is well stocked with poultry, — guinea hens, Plymouth Rocks, ducks, and fine turkeys awaiting Thanksgiving; also cows, affording plenty of milk for the fifty children in school; hogs, and horses to do the work needed. If some person of means would provide the buildings and apparatus where the boys could be taught the various industries, it would be a blessing indeed. We took dinner Sunday noon with Mrs. Robb, who has been such a generous helper to this work. By special invitation we spoke Sunday evening in the church, and a collection of $32.50 was taken up for the work of our society. Monday, Nov. 14th, we reluctantly left the dear friends at the station, and started north for Muscogee.

Muscogee.

President Scott and wife, with our teacher, Miss Pratt, met us at the station, and we drove over to Indian University at Bacone, three miles distant. Great changes have occurred since our first visit ten years ago.

We missed the sunny face of Mr. Bacone, the founder of this school, and the Bonham sisters, who have been so long connected with the work. A wide-awake, enthusiastic corps of teachers is hard at work, and we noted progress in many directions. President Scott has made many improvements, and large plans are now shaping themselves in his mind. Windmills have been introduced, and thereby water does not have to be carried from wells for school use. Bathrooms and improved dining-room arrangements have materially changed the looks of the lower part of the building. We were glad to attend one of the prayer-meetings of the Y. W. C. A. It was a tender, spiritual meeting, led by Miss Gilmore, one of the teachers. Several have recently expressed a desire to lead a new life. Miss Pratt, supported by our society, is the teacher of elocution. She also keeps the books and assists President Scott in the office, and has classes in shorthand. President Scott feels the need of money to help support worthy students in the theological department. The pulpits of the Territories are filled with men who need better preparation for their work. We predict great things for Indian University in the future.

Salida.

A ride of two days and nights brought us to Salida, Col., where we take the train for Embudo, N. M. We pass through Alamosa, and at Antonito the tiny box car is awaiting us, which is soon attached to a freight train, and a long, tiresome ride of five hours is before us. The mountains are hidden by the clouds, and we move slowly over long stretches of prairie land covered with sage grass. We are, however, about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Soon we begin to descend into the valley, and after winding in and out among the mountains, now over steep precipices, and again through dense woods, we come to Embudo station, four and one-half miles from Velarde. Mr. Warren Rishel, a brother of Mr. Edwin Rishel, of Atoka, I. T., met us at the station, with Juan Arellano, the young man whose letter appeared in August and September issue of ECHOES. We shall have to wait until another number of this paper before telling of the visit to this quaint Mexican plaza. We thank our kind Heavenly Father for the work and the workers He has given us in this lonely field. Sometimes the seed seems to fall upon stony places, but the watchful eye of the Master will protect the tiny seed, and sometime it will spring up and bear an abundant harvest.

En route for Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 28, 1898.

PEDRO PEREA, Roman Catholic, who will be a delegate in the next Congress from New Mexico, is of pure Spanish blood and ancient lineage, tracing his ancestors back for two hundred and fifty years. He is a Republican, always a diligent party worker and a man of affairs, being interested in mining and stock-raising, and president of the First National Bank of Santa Fé.

"THE corridors of time
Are full of doors — the portals of closed years,
But one door stands ajar—
The new year's; while a golden chain of days
Holds it half shut."

FEAR not, O friend, to enter in and press back the golden links one by one. Take Faith with thee and thou shalt find God within; take Prayer and thou shalt find blessing; take Hope and she will seek gladness for thee; take Courage and thou shalt find Victory.— *Selected.*

American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Notes.

A HAPPY New Year to the readers of HOME MISSION ECHOES. May the echoes of this greeting be heard in the returns of large subscription lists for this, the brightest and best paper of its kind.

WE give prominence in this number to Porto Rico, because it is of immediate importance that this promising field be occupied by capable men. Here is a wide "open door." The opportunity must be improved. We shall need for missionaries and chapels not less than ten thousand dollars speedily. To sow sparingly now will be to reap sparingly hereafter; but bountiful sowing will bring bountiful harvests. The Home Mission Society is ready to go forward just as fast as the denomination, by its liberal offerings, bids it go.

THE statement has recently been made by the representative of a sister Society that its Chapel Car work is "perhaps the foremost" missionary enterprise in home missions to-day. This contains an implied comparison with the work of the Home Mission Society. We do not propose, now and here, to enter upon the discussion of this subject, but simply content ourselves with this counter-statement: That in point of time it is the *hindmost* work, because the Home Mission Society's representatives traversed repeatedly all the principal railroad lines in the West from ten to twenty years before this new method was thought of; so that, instead of being the pioneer agency, it is simply a gleaner after the most of the harvest has been gathered.

AT the December meeting of the Boston Baptist Social Union, Mrs. William Scott, of Missouri, who is in the service of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, to speak in behalf of the colored people whom she represents, followed Gen. T. J. Morgan and Gen. O. O. Howard in an address that thoroughly captivated the large company present. She is an eloquent speaker and a good musician. She will surely have a warm welcome to our churches when she visits New England. She says: "I was born in January, 1855, of a slave mother. As my master stood with my mother by my cradle, he said: 'The best I can do for this child is to educate her.' He did it, but it cost him $25,000 property, and he was finally shot for violating the law prohibiting the education of a negro."

Stop it!

THE un-American scheme of Cardinal Gibbons and the Archbishops of the Roman Catholic Church to induce Congress to reopen the question of appropriation by the Government to contract schools for the Indians, should never be allowed to succeed. Protestant sentiment should be outspoken against this meddlesomeness of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in our governmental affairs. Baptists should lead in opposition to this measure, which means a revival of the union of the State with that church in its plans to gain and keep the Indians of many reservations under its control indefinitely. Let pastors, and others of influence with their representatives in Congress, urge upon them to resist the proposed measure. The wily prelates who, through the late war, have made their headquarters at Washington, fancy, no doubt, that they have so ingratiated themselves into the favor of the powers that be that they can safely presume upon support for their unblushing scheme to filch money from the Treasury of the United States. Let them foot their own bills like others. Who knows what they will spring upon us next concerning privileges for Roman Catholic institutions in the newly acquired countries which have been cursed by Papal rule?

THE new president of Roger Williams University, at Nashville, Tenn., is well and favorably known to many New England Baptists, viz., Rev. A. T. Sowerby, pastor of the South Baptist Church, Boston, Mass. It is confidently believed that he is the man to carry forward successfully the work to which, in years past, Dr. D. W. Phillips gave so large a portion of his life. The location of the institution in Nashville is unsurpassed, and the school itself ranks with the best of our schools for the colored people.

SOME pastors deeply regret their inability to attend the Anniversaries at San Francisco next May, because of the expense involved. What a beautiful thing it would be for many a New England church to make up a purse of $100 to $200 and bid its pastor go, and then bring back to them his impressions, both of the meetings and of the Continent crossed! It would broaden both pastor and people. Deacon A——, of the church in B——, suppose you lead off in this matter!

THE Church Edifice Fund of the Home Mission Society is a most valuable arm of its service, and has special claims upon our liberality. Larger resources are greatly needed for this branch of our work.

Plans for Cuba and Porto Rico.

N important meeting, concerning Baptist missionary work in Cuba and Porto Rico, was held in Washington, Nov. 23, 1898, in the rooms of the Columbian University. According to arrangement, a committee from the American Baptist Home Mission Society met a committee from the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention for conference on this and other matters. The representatives of the Society were Drs. T. J. Morgan, A. S. Hobart, H. L. Morehouse, B. S. Whitman, and S. H. Greene; of the Home Mission Board, Drs. H. McDonald, F. H. Kerfoot, W. W. Landrum, S. Y. Jameson, and Joshua Levering, Esq.

The decision of the Conference, which was most delightful in its spirit, is embodied in the following action:

Whereas, in the providence of God, Porto Rico has become a part of the United States territory, and Cuba has been brought under our temporary military control, thus liberating these islands from the dominion of Spain. And

Whereas, there is an urgent call for the vigorous prosecution of evangelical missionary work among the people on these islands. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Conference held this twenty-third day of November, 1898, in the City of Washington, D. C., and representing two great Home Mission Societies of American Baptists, north and south, with a constituency of two and one-half million communicants, it is expedient that the following division of territory should be adopted by the Societies represented, viz., that the American Baptist Home Mission Society should prosecute its work in the Island of Porto Rico, and in the two eastern provinces of Cuba, while the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention should prosecute its work in the remaining provinces of the Island of Cuba.

The Society hopes soon to have representatives in both of these fields, and for this purpose needs increased offerings from the churches. Comprehensive plans for vigorous work cannot be made too soon. A great opportunity will quickly pass from us, if only a feeble effort is made for the evangelization of these peoples.

"A Catholic Country without Religion."

A ROMAN Catholic priest, Father Sherman, a son of Major-General Sherman, and the chaplain of the 4th Missouri, contributes an article to *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, in which he says: "Porto Rico is a 'Catholic country without religion,'—that is to say, there is little practical Catholicity here and no other pretended religion whatsoever. True, there is an Episcopal Church in Ponce, but the congregation does not exceed a corporal's guard though a bishop in quaintest ecclesiastical attire and most venerable missionary beard officiates. There are fairly good churches in the principal towns, the clergy are excellent gentlemen, but they do not seem to have any firm hold of the native people, nor have they any lively sympathy with Porto Ricans, or Porto Rico. They are part of the Spanish establishment, wedded to the idea of the union of Church and State. The Spaniards here are Catholics. Some Porto Rican women are Catholics. The men are legally Catholic, which means that they are baptized, married, and buried as Catholics. I believe that Spanish-American priests from Colorado and Southern California could be of great assistance here, and new missions are imperatively demanded."

The Gospel in Porto Rico.

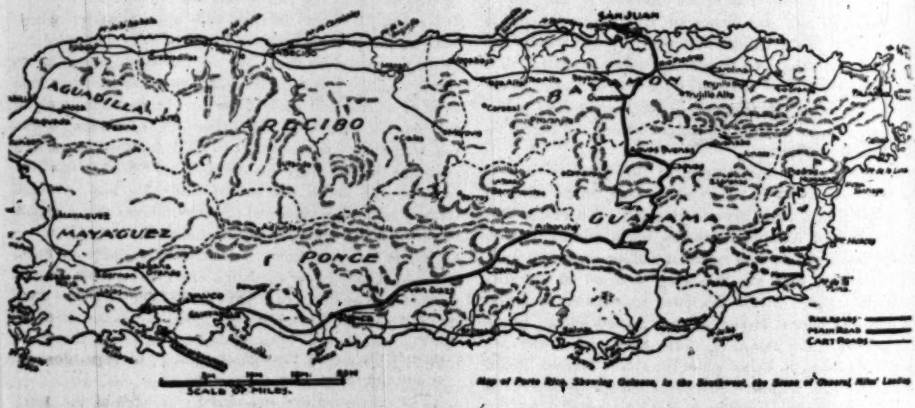
HEN we landed in Porto Rico, Oct. 27th, we expected to find the country more or less open to the gospel, as the American flag was flying over the entire island, but we were not prepared to be received with the enthusiasm and eagerness that have astonished and delighted us during our tour of this new American possession. If General Miles was received with open arms, no less so have been the ambassadors of the great King, who have followed the victorious flag. We are constantly puzzling ourselves with the question, What is it that has produced this state of affairs, and made these people flock so eagerly to the place of preaching, and listen with so absorbed attention to the first announcement of a salvation made free and complete through the expiatory death of Christ? The only reply we can find is, that it is of God. He has permitted tyranny, and oppression, and poverty, in order that a people might be made willing to receive the truth.

Certain it is that Rome is practically a cipher in Porto Rico. I doubt if ever she had a firm grip on these people, for I find no evidence of it anywhere. The varnished fidelity of American Romanism and bitter fanaticism of Mexican Catholicism are alike absent. The priests have not been characterized by the energetic activity of their American brethren, nor by the profligacy and dissoluteness of their Mexican co-religionists. They are marked chiefly by laziness. They are a do-nothing lot. Ignorant, lazy, shiftless, badly led, and badly fed, they have permitted their people to live without even the religion of their own church. A few processions during the year, in which the picture of the Virgin was paraded, a careless observance of a few of the feasts, a listless intoning of the masses, and you have the Romanism of Porto Rico. The people care little for it. They laugh at their priests, sneer at the convents, ridicule the monks, and absent themselves from the churches, of which, by the way, there are not a great many. The things that we are so sadly conversant with in Mexico: catechism-fed poverty, the ringing of bells, worship of idols, stoning of Protestants, swarming of priests in every direction, are here noticeably absent. And, add to this negative religion the hatred of Spain, a hatred well founded, if such evil spirit could have a foundation. Spain has been Rome's best-beloved daughter, and the people of Porto Rico believe that the hierarchy of Spain has been largely responsible for the distress and misery in which nine-tenths of the inhabitants of this marvellously beautiful island are found.

We cannot detail step by step the results of our few weeks' labor in Porto Rico, a work to which we were led by the Spirit of God, and whose burden we alone have had

to bear, with the aid of Him who is the missionary's best friend. While boards and societies have been discussing means, men, and methods, a Baptist missionary, at his own charges, has gone over the island from south to north, from east to west, and back again through the centre, himself, tracts, and bed mounted on a government mule, and has preached the gospel to thousands who never before heard of the Bible, but whose hearts yearned for the message it brings.

A few incidents in our work may be of interest, and these gathered up at random. The first sermon (of course we refer to Spanish missionary work, and not to English preaching) was delivered in Ponce on Oct. 29th. We stood on a log. We had about two hundred people gathered around us, about two hundred horses, and perhaps 1,000 mules. A few American soldiers were present, who said



Map of Porto Rico, Showing Colonna, to the Southwest, the Scene of "Dona Juana's" Labors

they would keep the promiscuous audience in order, but it was not necessary. God richly blessed that service, and souls were converted.

At one sugar hacienda where we stopped, the operatives crowded to hear the Word, and brought their friends from near and far. Within the shadow of the great chimney we told of the love of God to a perishing world, and the power of the Spirit was there to heal broken hearts. Then they asked us for Bibles and tracts, and implored us to send a missionary and establish a school for their children.

In one town where we stopped to rest a few hours, our religious mission became known, and a delegation of women came to us and besought us to open a school in the place. A large number of men, mounted on their horses, accompanied us for an hour when we left the place, and we discoursed to them as we rode along. Then they gathered about us in a circle, removed their hats, while we offered a prayer to God for Porto Rico.

In one city (at Arecibo) we had to call in the aid of the police, to save our tracts from being taken from us by the eager populace. We wanted to keep some of them for use in Mayagüez. Many priests have asked us for Bibles. In one school, the instructor stopped the recitations on the part of the classes, and himself read aloud to the school one of the tracts I had given him.

In Rio Piedras, in the suburbs of San Juan, the capital, a woman was converted who will, I believe, under God, become a missionary to her people. She possesses great energy and native ability, but can neither read nor write. She was for several years a member of the ladies' committee in Cuba that raised funds with which to help carry on the war of independence. Her activity brought about her expulsion from the island, and the confiscation of the little property held by herself and husband. She is about forty years of age, of fine presence, very popular in social circles, an intense hater of the Spaniards, and a born reformer. She will be heard from when Baptists take hold of the work in Porto Rico, if indeed they ever get at it. God has given her a new heart and new desires, and at this writing she is distributing Spanish tracts among the people of San Juan. May God bless the labors of "Dona Juana."

In Aguadilla and Mayagüez the priests had something to say about us in their pulpits, which had the effect of bringing us larger audiences in the groves where we preached. At this writing we have the names of over 100 persons who profess to have found the Saviour, and who desire to be baptized. We have not yet administered the ordinance to any. In one place (Hatillo), the entire audience, some 200 or 300 persons, manifested a desire to be baptized.

We are astounded at this state of things. It would seem that Porto Rico in its entirety would go over to the Lord, notwithstanding Archbishop Ireland's assertion that missionaries could do nothing here. To neglect this wonderful opportunity would be criminal negligence. The door is wide open. Who will be the first to enter?

—Rev. William H. Sloan, in The Standard.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Nov. 21, 1898.

THE spirit of fraternal unity is growing, as indicated by the action of a leading Association in Missouri, favoring the consolidation of the Home Mission and of the Foreign Mission organizations of Northern and Southern Baptists.

Americanization of the Porto Ricans.

REV. A. S. NORTHROP, chaplain in the Sixth Cavalry, in Porto Rico, writes most interestingly to the *Standard*, concerning the temper and the tendency of the people towards American customs and principles. Surely the door is wide open for us to enter with the gospel. He says:

"After a month's stay at Guayama, we accompanied General Brooke on his triumphal march straight across the island to San Juan, the capital. As we struck the higher elevations, we traversed banana and coffee plantations, the bananas at the base of the mountains, and the coffee on the sides at a considerably higher elevation. As we passed through the various towns, the entire population turned out to see *los soldados Americanos*, as they called us, and gave us a decidedly hearty welcome. The mayors of the various towns generally made a speech avowing their allegiance to Uncle Sam, to which General Brooke would respond with a few appropriate words, which would evoke an outburst of 'vivas' from the assembled citizens.

"The people seemed thoroughly pleased with the new dispensation, and everybody was hard at work studying English. If you hailed a carriage, the driver would lay down his 'Easy Lessons in English' and drive over to you. It was the same way everywhere, in the stores, barber-shops, etc. And they made use of every opportunity to spring their few English words, and if you would say, "*Usted habla Inglesa muy bien*" (you speak English very well), the recipient of the compliment would swell up, and be the object of envious and admiring glances from the good-sized crowd of auditors that a colloquy between an American soldier and a native always drew. It was pitiful to see the eagerness with which they tried to obtain what knowledge they could, and to think of the difference between their condition now and what it might have been if every attempt at self-betterment had not been crushed in its inception by both church and State. Under our fostering care, good schools, just courts, and a government administered by us (not self-government, for the Porto Ricans are not fit for it, and will not be for generations), I think the people of Porto Rico will attain an era of prosperity such as the most sanguine of them have never dreamed of."

The Supreme Time.

To every life there comes a time supreme:
One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,
One freighted hour — one moment opportune,
One rift through which sublime fulfilments gleam;
One time when fate goes tiding with the stream,
One Once in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon —
And ready for the passing instant's boon
That shall in favor tip the wavering beam.
Ah! happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and how to stand
On life's broad deck alert, and at the prow,
To seize the happy moment big with fate
From Opportunity's extended hand
When the great clock of Destiny strikes Now!

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

Day of Jubilee.

THE *News and Observer* of Raleigh, N. C., has the following in its issue of Dec. 2, 1898, concerning the results of organized acts of lawlessness in connection with the recent elections in that State. The only comment that we care to make is this: That this day of Jubilee will sooner or later be followed by a day of Judgment:

"Next Monday will be the day of jubilee in most of the counties in North Carolina. On that day the county governments, in nearly all the counties in the State, will pass into the hands of the newly elected Democratic officials. The transfer of power from the Fusionists to the Democrats will be attended by no ceremonials, except in a few counties where the people will gather to celebrate the great victory."

"The *Rockingham Rocket* contains the following programme of the big day in Richmond:

"Monday, December 5th, will be a memorable day in the annals of Richmond's history. A large crowd, people from every section of the country, will be here to rejoice at the triumph of white supremacy. We hear that 'Red Shirts' will be here in great force from north, south, east, and west. Sheriff Wright will raise a white flag on a staff fifteen feet above the top of the court house cupola, on which will be inscribed in flaming capitals the words, 'WHITE SUPREMACY.' When the flag flutters in the breeze it will be saluted by loud huzzas from the jubilant multitudes. No special programme has been announced, but everybody will expect to hear an impromptu speech from Cameron Morrison, the noble, brave, untiring worker for Richmond's redemption, who successfully led the white people of the county through the slough of negro domination into the realm of good government.

"The determination and aggressive spirit of the Richmond County Democracy not only carried that county, but the spirit early manifested there — 'the whites shall rule the land or die' — permeated the whole east, and infused the Democracy of thirty counties with a high resolve that made victory certain."

RECENTLY four applicants, two white and two colored, appeared before the State Board of Pharmacy in South Carolina, for license to practise in that State. The only one who passed the examination and obtained a license was a colored man, of Greenville, and a graduate of the Pharmacy Department of Shaw University.

ONE of the charges made by white men against certain negroes who were murdered or driven out of Wilmington, N. C., was that of "arrogance." We have no apology to make for arrogance in anybody. But suppose every white man in Wilmington, who has shown an arrogant spirit towards the negro, were to be subjected to the same treatment, how many whites would be left in the city? A "superior" race ought to show its superiority in good manners and good morals. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The French.

Why She Renounced Romanism.

REV. J. N. WILLIAMS furnishes the following interesting incident concerning the conversion of a French-Canadian woman, showing that the Word and the Spirit of God, in honest hearts, are mightier than priestly influence:

"Mrs. M——, of H——, was recently baptized in one of our mission fields in Massachusetts. She is a very intelligent woman, mother of a large family. While a strong Roman Catholic, she had conversation with a neighbor, in which several passages of Scripture were quoted to her from the Protestant version of the New Testament in opposition to the teachings of the Romish Church. She was interested and somewhat disturbed by these plain teachings of God's Word, and tried to explain the matter by thinking that the Bible from which she had read was a Protestant Bible, and not a correct translation. And so, on a visit to Montreal, she went to a well-known Roman Catholic bookstore and bought a copy of the most approved Roman Catholic French version, that of Abbé Glaire. What was her surprise to find these passages in her Catholic Bible. She became interested in the book, took it with her instead of her prayer-book to mass. During a 'retraite,' the name given to a sort of revival services, conducted usually by visiting 'Fathers,' Redemptorists, Paulists, etc., one of these 'Fathers,' preaching on the Eucharist, waxed eloquent as he expatiated on the real presence, and pointing towards the 'tabernacle,' or little cupboard on the altar in which are kept, under lock and key, the consecrated wafers, exclaimed in fervent tones: 'Christ is there; His body, blood, soul, and divinity. The consecrated wafer is Christ Himself. Bow down and worship the Christ that is there, for we have Him here.'

"She had just read the words of our Saviour in Matt. 24:23: 'Then if any man say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not.' These words seemed to her the voice of God bidding her to turn away from the worship of the wafer Christ. But she thought she would go down into the vestry where several of the 'Fathers' were engaged in hearing confessions, and there in the confessional speak of her doubts to some one of the priests. As she entered that part of the church, she found one side of the space fixed off with counters loaded with all sorts of religious goods, rosaries, images, medals, crucifixes, scapularies, beads, etc., at which some of the Fathers were busy selling to the devout customers. As this trading scene broke upon her vision, another passage she had read flashed upon her mind. It was this: 'My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' It came with such force upon her mind that she turned and marched out, never to enter the place again as a believer in the teachings of Romanism. She is now one of the most faithful attendants upon the services in our mission at M——, a whole-souled, warm-hearted follower of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

THE true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in blessings on all.

Early Pioneer Missionaries in the West.

REV. JOHN M. PECK, one of the earliest missionaries of the old Triennial Convention, and a most indefatigable and enthusiastic laborer, wrote to the Board in 1825 concerning reenforcements for the Mississippi Valley. Where is the theological seminary student who would like to respond to such a call now? And yet it was thus that foundations were laid by these heroes of the former days. He says:

"Is there no young brother, who has enfeebled his nerves over his books in college, and who now wants to brace them, and finish his education by riding a year or two over this circuit as a missionary? I could obtain for him at least one-half of his support on this field. He would find many Baptists hungering for the bread, and thirsting for the waters of life, that would receive him with joy. A missionary should travel this circuit once each month; preach thirty times in as many settlements every circuit; look after seven Bible Societies, and seven Sabbath school Societies in as many counties. He should also in this time visit fifteen Baptist churches; call on their families; and have his eye on fifty Sabbath schools, many of which he could regularly visit, by having appointments for the children in the week; and thus he would find sufficient employ for all his time. Allow me to suggest that a collegiate or theological education ought always to be considered incomplete until the student has performed one or two years' service in the missionary field."

A Land of Surprises.

ALASKA is a land of surprises. When acquired, so worthless was it considered, that some called it "Seward's folly," but for a quarter of a century the Government derived large revenues from the seal-fur business. The canning of salmon became a great industry. The famous gold mines of Juneau enhanced its value. The world is hearing of the fields of the Klondike. The Muir and other glaciers almost immeasurably outclass the glaciers of Switzerland. Now, one of the highest mountain peaks on this continent has been found, looming up 22,000 feet, and on the heels of this discovery is a live volcano, whose bright fires light up the long winter nights for many miles around. Perhaps some ingenious Yankee may yet utilize the heat of that volcano for many useful purposes in that frigid region. The hot lava of a volcano is about 1,800 degrees fahrenheit, and a scientist of note predicts that "in the golden age that is coming, we shall draw all our heat, and the mechanical forces which result from its conversion, directly from the earth itself; that, instead of digging 2,000 feet for coal, we shall dig a little farther when the coal gives out, and bring up the heat itself, by thermo-electric methods." Great is Alaska! What next? What next?

Another Year.

ANOTHER year is but another call of God
To do some deed undone and duty we forgot.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Our Girls.

Happy New Year.

SNOW-BIRDS twitter in the branches,
Snow-drifts sparkle on the hill,
Young and old with hearts exultant
Tell the Christmas story still.
Christ is born, oh, happy New Year,
Sound this message far and wide;
Crucified and ris'n, our Saviour,
Through earth's pilgrimage our Guide.

Give we now our New Year greeting,
Loving, tender, hopeful, clear,
Bear it on, ye white-winged ECHOES
To the friends we hold so dear.
Let it go to joyous households,
Making gladness yet more glad;
Let it bring a ray of sunshine
To the weary, sick, or sad.

"Happy New Year," — so He wills it;
Happy in His love alway,
Through life's summer time of beauty,
Through its chill and wintry day.

A. S. H.

A Lesson from the Birds.

WE are happy to receive another letter from the one who wrote to this department in March of last year. The pretty pictures she draws carry us out of the winter's chill and discomfort to the happy days of summer sweetness and sunshine.

MY DEAR GIRLS: I have been wanting for a long time to write you a little note to tell you of a pleasure the summer held for me. Our summer cottage is in one of the loveliest spots in the world, and just outside the door, under a silvery birch tree, I stretch my steamer chair, and with my books and work spend many a restful hour. A great many little birds fly in and out among the branches of the tree, and the bush near by, on the eager quest for berries and insects. I try to distinguish them by their songs, and after awhile to fit words to the melody. A pair of orioles gave me much amusement as they persistently kept up their funny little dispute: "Peter *did!* so he *did!*" "Never! Never! Did he do it? Did he do it? Never! Never!"

One litttle bird baffled me. I tried all summer, but he talked so fast I could not hear. The nearest approach I made was to conclude that he was saying: "Quick! quick! See! see! I'm a little bird, but you can't catch me!" And sure enough I couldn't!

But the dearest of all was the happy little song sparrow. One man who has made a study of bird songs says of him, that "his song is a high note thrice repeated, and a long canary-like cadenza." That is all very well for science. But I think imagination is best, don't you? And so very soon I heard him say *so* plainly, — "See! see! see! Lawks, what a pretty place this is!" You will excuse his English won't you? He probably never was taught that "Lawks!" was not an elegant word. But you listen to him some time and see if you can make anything else out of it. And all summer long — wherever I went I heard him! Sometimes I could agree with him. But he sang the same song whether he was balancing on a telegraph wire over the blue water or standing on the ridge pole of a house with a beautiful view on either side, or hopping from twig to twig busily eating or resting a moment on the edge of an ash barrel with nothing but clothes-lines and back yards to be seen. Always the same merry little fellow, with the same bright song. As if he could never get over his astonishment that even in its poorest parts, the world should be so wonderful! And I drew a lesson from the little bird, that no matter what my circumstances and surroundings were, I would try to sound the note of praise to God; so that all who heard would be compelled to look, to taste, and to see that God is good. Will you try? Very truly,

FANNY LINCOLN STORY.

SAYS Lucy Larcom: "Beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going — most beautiful and blessed because it is always the 'year of our Lord.'" May our girls this year impart to those who lack much of the brightness and cheer which fills their lives.

Our Little Folks.

1899.

"Happy New Year," so they call me!—
Can you tell what will befall me
If I come to stay with you?
Look, how fast it now is snowing!
Listen, how the wind is blowing!
Oh, dear me! what shall I do?

Might as well be glad and cheery,
Nothing's gained by being dreary,
Fires burn bright for you and me.
See! the birds sit close together
In the freezing winter weather,
Should not we contented be?

While the great white world is sleeping,
I am coming to your keeping.
"Happy New Year," little friend,—
You will find I bring you treasure
Which no hand can ever measure,
Of my wealth there is no end.

A. S. H.

Our Alaska Concert.

LOOKING straight into the faces of the little misses of the Baptist Sunday school of Augusta, Me., who were to take part in the nice concert exercise which is being sent out from 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, there was such a sparkling of black and brown and blue eyes. Sitting *behind* the girls there were so many marvellous twists and braids of dark and golden hair, and such a fluttering of ribbons, pink and red and brown, and shades one could scarcely describe. It was all beautiful; from the responsive reading of the parable of the lost sheep, with the singing of the "Ninety and Nine" by the chorus of voices in the distance, down through the acrostic, Alaska, the description of the country, the "Talk with the Alaskans," and the recitation of the touching poem, "Our Own."

We may say the leaflets, "Tashekah," and "Only a Little Heathen," with several extra pieces of music were added, and, after all, the program was only an hour long. The taking of the annual collection for the Orphanage was not forgotten, and all pronounced it a delightful evening.

Not only the young girls who took part, but those who listened, would advise all the Baptist Sunday schools of New England to send for the program, "Voices from the Northland;" and to carry it out in the interests of the little Alaskan children who are learning the sweet gospel story.

An Indian Child's Prayer.

MISS MARY P. LORD, a teacher on the Sioux Reservation, North Dakota, relates this touching little scene of wigwam life:

The infant daughter of One Bull lay in her father's arms, sick unto death. The face of the stoical Indian gave no sign, but the tender grief of a parent was as keen in his breast as in the heart of a white man.

A little daughter, a few years older, stood by, looking pitifully at the sick baby. Presently she said:

"Papa, little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray."

She knelt at her father's knee and prayed in her Indian tongue: "Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen."

Miss Lord's little pupil is one example of the education that begins with the children to Christianize a pagan race. This tiny girl is a granddaughter of the famous Sitting Bull. He was a capable warrior and chief, but a ruthless man and a savage. Her father, One Bull, is one of the so-called "good Indians," who have felt the influence of civilization, and the child herself, only three removes from barbarism, has declared herself a young disciple of the great teacher, who seeks the highest welfare of men, whether civilized or uncivilized, "bond or free." — *Youth's Companion.*

"While the great wide world is sleeping."

About the Babies of Many Lands.

DEAR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS: Have you a sweet little baby in your family? If so, you know just how tenderly mamma cares for it, holding it lovingly in her arms, and rocking it gently in its cradle. Sometimes papa lifts it upon his shoulder, and baby crows merrily from the high perch where it loves to be.

Wouldn't you like to know how many other little ones are carried through the world?

The Indian baby's cradle is a piece of buffalo skin fastened to a board and held together in front with deerskin cords. Strings of beads are sometimes festooned from top to bottom of this queer little nest, which is lined with feathers and fur. Whether carried on the mother's back, or swinging in summer from the bough of a tree, or from the roof of a hut in winter, the Indian baby is happy as can be. When it is strong enough to cling to the mother with hands and feet, she carries it on her back in her blanket or shawl.

Miss Burdette says: "Mother and child seem to understand the arrangement perfectly. The little faces are very cunning, whether blinking their black eyes at you from the cradle, or peeping over the mothers' shoulders."

Little Worker tells us how babies of different parts of the world are carried about:

The chocolate mammas of Queensland carry their little ones astride their necks.

The negroes of Cuba hold their babies on one hip, the child clinging by its knees as a rider holds on to a horse.

French babies are borne through the streets stretched on fine embroidered pillows, their lace frocks spread out to make all the display possible.

The Dyaks, of Borneo, carry the baby wrapped in the bark of a tree, or in a curiously carved chair studded with ground shells, which is fastened to the mother's back.

The New Guinea baby has a novel method of being carried about. Its mother puts the naked little creature into a net, which is suspended by a band over her head and ears, in front of her.

Alaskan babies are rubbed with oil, tightly rolled in a skin or blanket padded with grass and bound with deerskin thongs, which are undone but once a day, when the grass is freshened. If the baby cries, he is held under water until he is still.

When a Chinese Baby Takes a Nap.

WHEN a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a little rest, going out for a walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away, and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never waken. Sometimes men are sent out on the streets to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home.

If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away.

They think of the soul like a little bird hopping along after them.— *Exchange.*

My papa says he's thankful 'cause
The war is really done,
And that our flag's the nicest one
That waves beneath the sun.

His words are pretty hard, you know,
For little boys like me,
So while he talks, I'll have a walk
All by myself, you see.

Our Flag.

EVERY person who loves his country thinks his flag the prettiest and best. That is right. American boys and girls think our flag, the Stars and Stripes, the prettiest of all.

Once a lady asked this question: "Why is the flag of the United States more lasting than those of Great Britain, Scotland, Ireland, or France?" No one could give the answer, though the question made many think. They gave various answers, but not the correct one. Here is the lady's answer:

The Lily will fade and its leaves decay,
The Rose from its stem will sever,
The Shamrock and Thistle will pass away,
But the Stars shine on forever.

—*Temperance Banner.*

A State Party.

MISSISSIPPI, being fond of lawn parties, invited her friends to Tennis — See?

Georgia accompanied The Carolinas, Allie-Bama, and Flora-Day; Washington escorted Ida-Ho; and Massa-Chusetts tenderly cared for Little Rhoda; while Mary-Land, Della-Ware, Louisi-Anna, Callie-Fornia, Minnie-Sotta, and Miss-Souri were transported by the *Oregon*. Missis-Sippi wore Miss-Souri's New Jersey. What did Della-Ware? I don't know. Al-as-ka. (I'll ask her.)